

I've **never** been like the **others** at school. Day **in** and day **out** I was too loud, too different, to open. Open to let them **read** my book,

no subtlety. I, **without** thought, showed my **heart** and **soul** to

many, leaving **little** left to guess upon, always in full view and unprotected. Some of them, my friends, said I should close my book, choose **Carefully** what I should show others.

I could get **hurt**, you know.

Yet...

I feel as if I've **missed** something, a lesson of sorts. Something that would have shown me this **subtle** manner, this **discreet** life everyone wants to follow.

Or Perhaps

I didn't **believe** in it; let it pass because how could this subtlety be for

everyone **?** I want people to **know** me. That means the **whole** me, **all** of me.

Not just some.

So...This subtlety isn't going to be

Me.